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House on account of his honest defence of John Gale Jones, as some of the members threatened, has prevented his carrying the measure at present to the extent he wishes, but sooner or later we confidently trust justice and enlightened policy will prevail. The abolition of the slave trade, after years of patient and persevering struggle affords encouragement not to despair.

Before we dismiss the subject we have one important observation to make; that, laudable and praiseworthy as the attempt is to reform our criminal code, by lessening the number of capital offences, another reform is essentially necessary to be connected with it, to give it efficacy, and to lessen the number of crimes. We allude to a reform in the management of our jails, and a system of employing convicts in hard labour; at present the idleness of a prison corrupts its inmates. Convicts should be forced to work, and then one of the principal inducements to commit crimes would be removed, when it is found that transgressing the law leads to hard labour, coupled with

a judicious mixture of solitary confinement. In another part of this Magazine will be found an account of the Philadelphia prison, in which this system has been successfully tried. To render such a plan efficacious, much disinterested exertion would be wanted in those who would on principles of pure philanthropy undertake the superintendence of prisons, as inspectors, and doubts may be entertained, whether in this selfish and apathetic age, the plan would not fail for want of vigilant superintendants: yet we would heartily wish to see the attempt made, and we trust that there is yet as much virtue left, as would in some places insure support, while the example of a few might stimulate others. If the energies of governments, and the efforts of individuals were directed to the amelioration instead of the destruction of mankind, a new era of happiness would commence and peace and civilization would supplant the aggressions of private life, and the calamities of public warfare.

K.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MADAME ROLAND.

Continued from p.283, No. XXI.

"Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard
ring;
In vain ye limit mind's unwearied spring,
What, can ye lull the winged winds a-
sleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the
deep?
No—the wild wave, condemns your scap-
ter'd hand;
It roll'd not back when Canute gave com-
mand!
Man! can thy doom no brighter soul al-
low?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's
brow?
Shall war's polluted banner ne'er be
fur'd?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with
the world?"

What, are thy triumphs, sacred Truth be-
lied?
Why then hath Plato liv'd or Sydney
died?
Yes, in that generous cause for ever
strong,
The patriot's virtue, and the poet's song,
Still as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of de-
cay."

CAMPBELL'S PLEASURES OF HOPE.

RISING about noon the next day, Madame Roland, busied herself in arranging her apartment. She had in her pocket Thomson's Seasons, a work of which she was peculiarly fond. While she was employed in these peaceful preparations, she heard the town in a tumult, and the drums beating to arms. She could not help smiling at the contrast. "At any rate," said she to herself, "they will

not prevent my living to my last moment, more happy in my conscious innocence, than my persecutors can be with the rage that animates them. If they condemn me to death, *I will go to death as a man would go to repose.*"

A multitude of new victims being brought to the Abbaye, Madame Roland was informed she must change her situation. To be alone, she was obliged to be confined in a small closet the window of which was over the centry who guarded the prison gate. "Who goes there? Kill him! guard, patrole!" called out in a thundering voice, were the sounds that annoyed her through the night. The houses were illuminated, and from the number and frequency of the patrols it was easy to infer, there had been some commotions, and that more were to be feared. Madame Roland had listened impatiently to hear the bolts of her door drawn back, that she might ask for a newspaper. She read in it the decree against the twenty-two proscribed deputies of the National Convention; the paper fell from her hands, while she exclaimed in a transport of grief "*my country is undone!*" Firm and tranquil herself, beneath the yoke of oppression, she could not see the triumph of guilt and error, the national representation violated, the torch of civil discord lighted up, the enemy about to avail himself of the divisions of the people, freedom lost to the north of France, probity and talents proscribed, without poignant sorrow.—"Farewell my country!" exclaimed she, "sublime illusions, hope and happiness farewell! splendid chimeras! from which I reaped so much delight, ye are all dispelled by the horrible corruptions of this vast city. I despised life: the loss of you makes me detest it, and defy the utmost fury of the men of blood."

Several days elapsed and still she underwent no examination. To the administrators, who had visited her on different pretences, she uniformly expressed herself with force and dignity. During her confinement at the Abbaye, this courageous and unfortunate woman beguiled her imprisonment by books and literary labours; she felt not *ennui*, which is

the disease of hearts without feeling, and of minds without resource in themselves.

Madame Roland had been induced by her love of order, and habits of regularity, to enquire into the customs and expenses of the prison, which she was desirous rigidly to observe. She determined to make an experiment how far the human mind was capable of diminishing gradually the wants of the body; as her purpose for adopting this plan was rather moral than economical, she appropriated the sums thus saved for the relief of those miserable wretches who were lying upon straw in the prison; she had the pleasure of reflecting that by these deprivations she was adding to the comfort of others.

On the 24th of June, the gaoler's wife came to inform Madame Roland that an administrator was waiting to see her. "I come, said he, to set you at liberty." "It is indeed," replied she, "very right to remove me from this place, but that is not all, I wish to return home, and the door of my apartment is sealed up." "The administration will have it opened in the course of the day." Her first idea was not to remove until the evening, but a little reflection convinced her of the folly of remaining in prison, whence she was free to depart; the gaoler was also impatient to take possession of her lodging. She was ignorant that he intended it for Brissot, whom she never even supposed was her neighbour, and that, soon after, it would be inhabited by a heroine worthy of a better age, and a better deed, the celebrated Charlotte Corday. Driving home, with the intention of staying there a short time, and then proceeding to the house of the worthy people who had adopted her daughter, she jumped lightly from the coach, and flew as on wings, under the gateway. "Good morrow Lamarre," said she to the porter cheerfully as she passed. She had scarcely proceeded up four or five steps, when she heard herself called by two men who followed her. "We arrest you," said they, "in the name of the law." "Let me sit down and breathe, exclaimed she," I must not rejoice at being set at liberty; it is only a

cruel artifice: I am no sooner released from the Abbaye, than I am ordered to St. Pelagie." Perceiving that expostulation would be vain, she suffered herself to be conveyed to the prison of St. Pelagie. This house had, under the old government, been inhabited by nuns, to whose charge was committed the female victims of *lettres-de-cachet*; it was situated in a remote quarter of the town, the inhabitants of which were well known for the ferocious spirit which they manifested in the month of September, by the massacre of so many priests. Her courage sunk not under her trials, but the refinement of cruelty which had attended her removal from the Abbaye filled her with indignation. "Feeling myself," says she, "in that state of mind when every impression becomes stronger, and its effects more prejudicial to health, I went to bed: I could not sleep, and it was not possible to avoid thinking. This violent state, however, never with me, lasts long. Being accustomed to govern my mind, I felt the want of self-possession, and thought myself a fool for affording a triumph to my enemies, by suffering them to break my spirit. Had I not here, as at the Abbaye, books and leisure? I began, indeed, to be angry with myself for allowing my peace of mind to be disturbed. I no longer thought of any thing but of enjoying existence, and of employing my faculties with that independence of spirit which a strong mind preserves in the midst of fetters, and which thus disappoints its most determined enemies."

Fortitude she justly considered, consisted not merely in an effort of the mind to rise above circumstances, but in maintaining this elevation by suitable conduct. She was not content with calling up, under unfortunate events, the maxims of philosophy to support her courage, but she provided agreeable amusements. She divided her days with a certain kind of order. In the morning she studied English in Shaftsbury's essay on virtue, and in the poetry of Thomson, by whom she was transported by turns to the sublime regions of intellect, and to the affecting scenes of nature. With Shaftsbury

she strengthened her reason, with Thomson she charmed her imagination, and delighted her feelings. Afterwards she employed herself with her crayons till the hour of dinner. It is only those who have acquired the habit of exerting their faculties, and exercising over themselves a voluntary controul, that evade the malice of fortune, and escape from a langour scarcely less cruel, and the most destructive of mental disorders.

It is impossible to withhold our respect from a mind, that, rich in its own resources, would calmly pursue its course, in a situation like that in which this deserving woman was so unworthily placed. The wing of St. Pelagie, appropriated to female prisoners, was divided into long and very narrow corridors, on one side of which were the cells. Under the same roof, and upon the same line, did the respectable wife of the virtuous Roland dwell in the midst of murderers and infamous wretches. "If this," observes the heroic sufferer, "be the reward of virtue on earth, who will be astonished at my contempt of life; and at the resolution with which I shall be able to look death in the face? It never appeared to me formidable; at present it is not without its charms, and I could embrace it with pleasure, did not my daughter invite me to stay a little longer with her; and if my voluntary exit would not furnish calumny with weapons against my husband, whose glory I ought to support, would they summon me before a tribunal."

The keepers of St. Pelagie, doubtless moved by the merit of their prisoner, were at pains to render her situation less disagreeable. The excessive heats of July rendering her cell, upon the white walls of which the sun fiercely struck, scarcely habitable, the wife of the gaoler invited her charge to spend the day in her apartment.

At this period, her moral situation also became less dreadful. The rising of some of the departments revived her hopes; her husband was in a safe and peaceful retreat; her daughter in the house of her venerable

friends, continued, under their inspection, and with their children, her education; while the fugitives, her friends, welcomed at Caen, were there surrounded with a respectable force. She flattered herself that the salvation of her country was growing out of events, and resigned to her own fate, was still happy, while as usual, she employed her time in useful or agreeable occupations.

Madame Bouchard, perceiving that she availed herself with great reserve of the offer of her apartment, removed her altogether from her cell into a comfortable room. One morning one of the administrators happened to see Madame Roland in this room, and complained of the degree of comfort she was allowed, and ordered her immediately back to the miserable cell; these orders Madame Roland obeyed with tranquil resignation. The good nature of Madame Bouchard, extended itself to the minutest particulars, even to the very jasmine carried up before her window, round the bars of which it wound its flexible branches.

It has been falsely asserted that Madame Roland was minister under the name of her husband; on the contrary, it is declared by those who were best acquainted with facts, that she took no share in the routine of his department. Every sentiment in her mind was subordinate to the love of justice, and the maintenance of principle. But, though a stranger to what passed in the office of her husband, she was interested in his glory: when circumstances required a writing dictated by feeling, it was to her that the task was entrusted. Preserving the genius and character of M. Roland, she threw into the composition a force and passion that gave soul and animation to the arguments. It was the peculiar characteristic of her language to reanimate by confidence, to convince by energetic reasoning; she knew the springs of the human heart, which she never failed to move.

When the ruin of the minister was determined, his wife was involved in the proscription; a period in which her courage was severely tried, more particularly during the months of

December 1792, and of January 1793, when every day brought new dangers, and every night threatened assassination. Perpetually harassed with alarms, she was entreated by her friends to sleep out of the minister's hotel; but, incapable of pusillanimity, she yielded not to this advice without indignation.

Careless of personal safety, she trembled only for the safety of her daughter, whom she dared not expose to hazard. In concert with her husband, arrangements were made for the preservation of their child, whom she wished to confide to the protection of her husband's brother, who resided at Villefranche, in the department of the Rhine. To this gentleman she addressed a letter full of courage, of patriotism, and of resignation to the fate hanging over them; she recommended her daughter, her darling Eudora, to his paternal care. "I am," says she, "what you have always known me, devoted to the duties which I love, appreciating life for the blessings of nature, and the enjoyments of virtue; I am too much habituated to despise death, to fear, to fly from it. I leave my daughter good examples, and a memory ever dear to her. May she judge, feel, and avail herself of every thing, with a conscience always as pure, and a soul as expansive, as have been those of her parents!"

The brother to whom this letter was addressed, was guillotined by the temporary commission established at Lyons. During her imprisonment Madame Roland addressed the following letter to her daughter.

"October 18, 1793.

"I do not know, my dear girl, whether I shall be allowed to see you, or to write to you again. *Remember your mother.* In these few words is contained the best advice I can give you. You have seen me happy in fulfilling my duties, and in giving assistance to those who were in distress. It is the only way of being happy—You have seen me tranquil in misfortune, and in confinement, because I was free from remorse, and because I enjoyed the pleasing recollections that good actions leave behind them. These are the

only means that can enable us to support the evils of life, and the vicissitudes of fortune.

Perhaps you are not fated and I hope you are not, to undergo trials so severe as mine; but there are others against which you ought to be equally on your guard. Serious and industrious habits are the best preservative against every danger; and necessity as well as prudence command you to persevere diligently in your studies. Be worthy of your parents; they leave you great examples to follow; and if you are careful to avail yourself of them, your existence will not be useless to mankind. Farewell, my beloved child; I wish to impress you with all my sentiments. The time will come when you will be better able to judge of the efforts I make at this moment, to repress the tender emotions excited by your dear image. Farewell my Eudora."

Madame Bouchard's extreme kindness to her prisoner, gave birth to the idea of a project for the escape of her charge, but Madame Roland after some consideration rejected the plan lest it should again rouse the fury of her husband's enemies, which for the present seemed to slumber. "I was determined," says she, "not to expose any one; I cannot enjoy a liberty which would involve the safety of others; I will therefore remain in prison." The political atmosphere appeared in her apprehension overspread with a thicker gloom. "I shall not," said she, "leave this place, but to go to the scaffold. I am, however, less tormented by my own fate, than by the calamities which will overwhelm my country, which is ruined and undone."

Madame Roland had passed five months within the walls of St. Pelagie, when the twenty-two deputies were condemned to the scaffold; she considered their death as a presage of her own fate. "Unknown and overlooked," says she, "I might in solitude and silence have withdrawn myself from the horrors which rend the bosom of my country, and have waited in the practice of domestic virtues, for the period of its misfortunes. But a prisoner, and mark-

ed out as a victim, I shall only, by prolonging my existence, afford a new gratification to tyranny. Forgive me, respectable man, for disposing of a life which I had devoted to you; your misfortunes would have attached me to life, if I had been permitted to alleviate them. Forgive me, my dear child whose sweet image is impressed on my maternal heart, and staggers my resolution. Oh! certainly, I would not have deprived you of your guide, if it had been possible that they would have let her remain with you. But do what they will, they cannot rob you of my example; and I feel, and will venture to say, upon the very brink of the grave, that it is a rich inheritance."

She foresaw that Brissot's death was nearer at hand than her own. "He is confident!" said she; "he sees not that the fury of his enemies can be glutted only with blood. He must be apprised of this—Brissot, the most ardent apostle of liberty, must not be stabbed in the dark." She accordingly addressed a letter to Brissot, in the sentiments of which was combined all that is most sublime in philosophy, and consolatory in friendship. In consequence of her exhortations, Brissot composed his *Testament Politique*, which was considered by those to whom it was confided as superior to all that had before come from his pen; events had tempered the fire of his enthusiasm, while experience and misfortune had enlightened his judgment. This work passed the gates of the prison, and had gone through the press, when both the impression and the M.S. were destroyed by Robespierre.

On the day of Brissot's execution, Madame Roland was removed to the Conceirgerie. The following day she was examined in the office of the tribunal, by judge David, accompanied by the public accuser. The debate was long and violent; the public accuser and judge, especially the first, behaved with the positiveness and acrimony of persons persuaded they had a great criminal before them, and impatient for her conviction. "I was kept three hours," says Madame Roland, "after which

the examination was suspended. A determination to destroy me seems evident. I will not prolong my life by any base subterfuge; neither will I lay bare my bosom to malevolence; nor facilitate, by a silly compliance, the labours of the public accuser, who seems desirous of my furnishing him by my answers with matter for the indictment which his zeal meditates against me." Two days after she was sent for to be re-examined. The charge brought against her was that she was the accomplice of men called conspirators. The sentence of death was preceded for form's sake, and according to the custom of that horrible tribunal, by a mock trial, in which Madame Roland was not allowed to speak, and in which hired assassins uttered the most atrocious calumnies before other ruffians, the execrable tools of Robespierre, so unworthily honoured with the title of judges and jurors. One person only paid the tribute of truth, and he was some time after sent on that account to the scaffold.

A few days before Madame Roland was dragged to the scaffold—"If fate" said she, "had allowed me to live, there was one thing only of which I should have been ambitious, that of writing the annals of the present age, of becoming the Macculay of my country. I have during my confinement conceived a real fondness for Tacitus, and cannot go to rest until I have read a passage of his work. It seems to me that we see things in the same light; and that in time, and with a subject equally rich, it would not have been impossible for me to imitate his style. The French can only change their tyrants, they are already under a rod of iron, and every change appears to them a blessing; but incapable of effecting it themselves, they expect it from the first master who shall choose to assume the sovereign command. O Brutus! thou whose daring hand emancipated the depraved Romans, we have erred in vain like thee! Those just and enlightened men, whose ardent spirits longed for liberty, and who had prepared themselves for it by the tranquil studies, and the silent retreats

of philosophy, flattered themselves like thee, that the subversion of despotism would establish the throne of justice and peace. Alas! it has only served as the signal for the most hateful passions, and the most execrable vice."

Madame Roland's last moments are thus described by Riouffe, who was detained in the *Conceirgerie*, when she arrived there.

"The blood of the twenty-two was not yet cold when Citizeness Roland was brought to the *Conceirgerie*; aware of the fate that awaited her, her peace of mind remained undisturbed. She often spoke to me at the grate with freedom and firmness, while we all stood listening around her in admiration and astonishment. Her conversation was serious without coldness; and she expressed herself with correctness; and a harmony and cadence with which the ear was never tired. She spake not of the deputies who had suffered death but with respect, and yet without effeminate compassion: she even reproached them for not adopting measures sufficiently strong. Sometimes her sex recovered its ascendancy, and it was easy to perceive that conjugal and maternal recollections had drawn tears from her eyes. This mixture of fortitude and softness, rendered her the more interesting. The day on which she was called up to be examined, we saw her pass with her usual firmness, but when she returned, it was not with dry eyes; she had been treated with harshness, in expressing her indignation at some questions highly injurious to her honour, which had been put to her; she was not able to suppress her tears. A mercenary pedant coldly insulted this admirable woman, celebrated for the excellence of her understanding; and who at the bar of the national convention had, by the graces of her eloquence, compelled even her enemies to admire her. She remained a week at the *Conceirgerie*, where her gentleness endeared her to all the prisoners, who sincerely deplored her fate. On the day of her condemnation, she would have melted the most savage nature, but these monsters

¶ 7

were without hearts ; after her condemnation, she passed through the wicket with a quick step, bespeaking something like cheerfulness, and intimating by an expressive gesture that she was condemned to die. She had for the companion of her fate, a man whose fortitude equalled not her own ; she found means however, to inspire him with a certain degree of courage ; and this she did with a gaiety so cheering, so real, as several times to force a smile on his countenance. She had frequently said that her husband would not survive her ; and soon after, we learned in our dungeons, that her prediction was accomplished. The virtuous Roland killed himself on the public road, thereby indicating his wish to die irreproachable, without endangering courageous hospitality. My heart, though suffering many torments in that horrible abode, felt nothing more severely than the pang occasioned by the death of this woman, *whose fame can never die.*"

Madame Roland beheld her execution approach with unaffected tranquillity. She suffered her hair to be cut off, and her hands to be bound without a murmur, or a complaint. She traversed Paris amidst the insults of the populace, and received death with heroic firmness. She even seemed to experience a degree of pleasure in this last sacrifice to her country. She expressed in dying, a wish to transmit to posterity the new and extraordinary sensations which she experienced in her road from the Conciergerie to the Place de la Revolution. For this purpose, when at the foot of the scaffold, she demanded pen and paper, which were refused to her. She did not deceive the expectations of her friends. She behaved on the scaffold with all the calmness of a great mind superior to the idea of death, and possessing sufficient power to overcome the natural horror of dissolution. At the place of execution she bowed down before the statue of liberty, and pronounced these memorable words.... "*O liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name !*"

Such was the fate of this admirable woman whose energetic dis-

position, feeling heart and cultivated mind rendered her the delight and admiration of all who knew her. Her death reflects equal glory on her sex, and disgrace on her executioners. Assassinated at the age of thirty-nine, what a long career yet remained for her to run ! It would have been the most interesting part of her life, and that in which reason, aided by experience, would have directed all her steps towards the greatest good of her country. Vain wishes ! vain regrets ! this estimable woman is no more ; but her memory shall be long cherished by the true friends of freedom and liberty.

"Those heroes who fell in the *soul-cheering cause,*

To the true sons of freedom are dear,
Their worth the unborn shall rehearse
with applause,

And bewlew their cold turf with a tear ;
O ! cherish their names, let their suffer-
ings and deeds,

Go forth on the wings of the wind,
And as man, prostrate man, your high
destiny reads,

May he learn his own chains to un-
bind."

At the news of the death of his wife, M. Roland, in his retreat fell into a crisis, in which it was believed he would have expired. His senses at length returning, he abandoned himself to despair, and determined not to survive his misfortune. From the fear of exposing to mischief the kind friends who had given him shelter, he resolved on quitting their house for the execution of his purpose. When these respectable friends found every effort vain to dissuade him from his resolution, they deliberated with him on the best means of effecting it. The first idea of this unfortunate husband was to repair privately to Paris, to throw himself into the middle of the convention, to force them to hear truths, which might be useful to their country, and afterwards to request death on the scaffold, where his wife had been previously sacrificed. He was induced to abandon this heroic plan by considerations which respected his daughter, who by this legal murder would suffer the confiscation of her property. He therefore retired a

few leagues from the house of his female friends, at Rouen, sat down on a bank, and plunged into his breast a sword which he had provided for the purpose. He received his death so composedly, that he was found the next day by some passengers leaning against a tree, as if in a slumber. How applicable are the words of one of our best northern

Irish poets on another occasion to the fate of this virtuous pair.

"Farewell blessed spirits! the finger of fate
Has twined a fair chaplet your brows to adorn,
In ages to come shall she boast of your name,
And tell your sad story to millions unborn."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO A PRIMROSE.

DEAR little flower of odour rare,
Sweet harbinger of Summer fair,
Thou smilest on thy lowly bed,
And all around thy fragrance shed.
In Flora's train among the first,
By bounteous nature kindly nurst
Within the lap of mother Earth,
Till genial Spring commands thy birth.

While yet the chilling winds of March,
The aged and infirm search;
Thou dost expand thy tender form
And "bide the pelting of the storm."
Beneath some aged hawthorn bush,
Where cheery sits the sprightly thrush,
Perhaps some school-boy passing by,
Upon thee casts his gazing eye,
And plucks thee from thy natal soil
To feed his double sense a while.
Or in some lonely vale dost bloom,
Where thy native bed's thy tomb,
The hours are few thou dost consume. }
What pity, dost so soon decay,
That thou'rt not doom'd a longer day,
Thy odoriferous power to spread,
To all around thy humble bed!

Just so man's earthy race like thine,
Is but some fleeting hours of time,
For when Death waves his iron wand
Obey'd must be the dread command.
But not to sleep in death for ever,
The body and the soul must sever,
The body to its final rest,
The soul (if number'd with the blest)
Pursues its course through worlds unknown,

Unto the high celestial throne;
There to join the heavenly choir,
In praising the Almighty Sire;
There feast on never-fading joy,
And pleasure that knows no alloy.

Westland, March 2, 1810.

W.D.

REFLECTIONS OF A SWISS SOLDIER,

ON HEARING THE NATIONAL TUNE WHICH IS
KNOWN TO PRODUCE THE DISEASE CALLED
ED HOSTALGIA.

"The intrepid Swiss that guards a foreign shore,
Condemn'd to climb his mountain cliffs no more,
If chance he hears the songs so sweetly wail'd,
Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguail'd,
Melts at the long lost scenes that round him rise,
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs."

Pleasures of Memory, part 1, p. 26.

YE strains! ye melting strains!
Fired at the piercing sound,
My bleeding heart complains,
With agonizing wound.
Oh! cease your meltings, cease!
Ye mind me of my home,
The dear abode of peace,
Where Fancy lov'd to roam.
Wide-wasting cruel War,
With stern tyrannic sway,
From Alpine hills afar,
Has torn me since away,
From wild o'erhanging woods;
From cliffs aloft in air;
From rapid rolling floods;
From mountains bleak and bare;
From streams and lonely dells,
In rural beauties wild;
Where simple pleasure dwells,
With Nature's happiest child;
From all my country's charms,
My country ever dear!

"* The celebrated *Ranz de Vaches*; cet air se chéri des Suisses, qu'il fut défendu sous peine de mort de le jouer dans leur troupe parce qu'il faisoit fondre en larmes, desserter ou mourir ceux qu'il entendoient, tant il excitait en eux l'ardent désir de revoir leur pays."

Rousseau, Dictionnaire, de Musique.
TRANSLATION.

"This air, so dear to the Swiss, is prohibited under pain of death from being played in their troops, as it causes those who hear it to melt into tears, desert, or die, so much it excites in them the ardent desire of re-visiting their country."